

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

The Forest Minstrel, and other Poems.
By WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT.
12mo. pp. 197. London, 1823.

WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT are members of the Society of Friends, and Quaker poetry is of so rare occurrence, that this circumstance alone is sufficient to create an interest in its behalf, whatever may be its real merits; for the sect of friends have generally held themselves so completely aloof from all semblance of the ornamental in art, and from whatever relates to imagination and poetry, that there is some difficulty in persuading one's-self, that a man in a drab suit can become a votary of the muses. It seems hardly less incongruous than to behold a statue of Apollo, concealing his tresses beneath a broad brim, which, to our apprehension, would operate upon the elegant Grecian deity, much in the same manner as an extinguisher upon a candle. It should seem, too, that this society has been deemed as blind to the beauties of nature as to the enjoyments of art; since it has been pleasantly but somewhat invidiously said of them, that they would have clothed our fields and groves in one uniform,—cheerless livery of drab.

Jesting, however, apart, it must be confessed, that the spirit of sectarianism does not appear favourable to art, or eminently calculated to call the powers of imagination into play:—that is, according to the popular acceptance of the term, otherwise it must be admitted that it is a quality in which they are by no means deficient.

That a religious class of such severe simplicity of manners as the Quakers, should never have encouraged the alluring elegancies of painting, which frequently partake as much of the sensual as the intellectual, is not to be wondered at; neither have they been more distinguished for the cultivation of literature, even in its soberest garb. Such being the case, it can hardly be imagined that they should be successful in any of those departments of it, which demand warmth of passion and play of

fancy. Female writers have almost uniformly failed whenever they have attempted tragedy, nor, with a few exceptions, have they been much more fortunate in their delineations of manners and character; for the one demands an energy and the other an acquaintance with the world, neither of which are perfectly compatible with female delicacy.

Similar causes operate against the success of Quakers in poetry: their habits are by no means peculiarly favourable to the development of literary talent; and the path in which it is permitted them to range, is, moreover, especially limited. Yet poetry is not always the frenzied Bacchante, nor the impassioned Pythoness; she has her calmer mood, when she turns from great and daring deeds, and from the hurricane of the passions, from the Circean bowl of revelry and voluptuousness, to contemplate the mild graces of nature, to exhort to deeds of benevolence and charity, and to muse on the high destinies of man. And this is a sphere in which genius may accomplish much. Cowper is assuredly not the meanest nor least interesting of our bards; and a writer of the present day, almost sufficiently well known by the appellation of the Quaker Poet*, to render it unnecessary to add his real name, has produced some of the most elegant and feeling strains, fraught with the genuine inspiration of poesy. These alone would be sufficient to prove, should any doubt of the kind exist, that purity of thought and language are by no means incompatible with poetical beauty or vigour of fancy. There is also a particular character of intense devotion, belonging to such writers, that confers on them an elevation and simple sublimity, not always attainable by those who are apparently less restrained. Much of the power and interest of Wordsworth, and we add also of Montgomery, arise from the spirituality—if we may so express ourselves, which distinguishes their poetry.

But we have, perhaps, already said enough, or more than enough, to prove,

* Bernard Barton.

that whatever may be the case, with respect to the other fine arts, poetry is one from which even the austerity of sectarian principles does not necessarily exclude their followers. What, in fact, are the sublimer truths of religion; but poetry, addressing itself to the soul—poetry far above the comprehension of the worldling—a poetry addressing itself to the heart? If the energy that prompts to heroic actions be great, that which teaches us to subdue the most powerful impulses of nature, and which leads to the most complete self-devotion and abstraction, is not less so. It is time, however, now to quit these general observations, and come at once to the more immediate subject of our notice.

Prefixed to the principal poem is an 'Epistle Dedicatory,' in the *ottava rima*, which has of late found so much favour with many of our most popular poets. In these stanzas, the author or authors, if they are to be considered as writing in conjunction, inform us of their attachment to the beauties of nature:—

'For never yet was mine the proud intent
To give the olden harp a thrilling sound,
Like those great spirits, who of late have sent
Their wizard tones abroad, and all around
This wond'rous world have wander'd; and have spent

In court and camp, on bann'd and holy ground,
Their gleaning glances; and in hall and bower
Have learned of mortal life the passions and the power.

* * * * *

'And then have brought us home strange sights and sounds
From distant lands, of dark and awful deeds;
And fair and dreadful spirits; and gay rounds
Of mirth and music; and then mourning weeds;

And tale of helpless love, that sweetly sounds
The gentle heart, and its deep fondness feeds,
Lapping it up in dreams of sad delight
From its own weary thoughts, in visions wild and bright:—

'Oh! never yet to me the power or will
To match these mighty sorcerers of the soul
Was given; but on the bosom, lone and still,
Of nature cast, I early wont to stroll
Through wood and wild, o'er forest, rock, and hill,

Companionless, without a wish or goal,
Save to discover every shape and voice
Of living thing that there did fearlessly rejoice.

'And every day that boyish fancy grew ;
And every day those lonely scenes became
Dearer and dearer ; and with objects new,
All sweet and peaceful, fed the young spi-
rit's flame.

Then rose each silent woodland to the view,
A glorious theatre of joy ! then came
Each sound a burst of music on the air,
And sank into the soul to live for ever there !

'Oh days of glory ! when the young soul drank
Delicious wonderment through every sense !
And every tone and tint of beauty sank
Into a heart that asked not how, or whence
Came the dear influence ; from the dreary blank
Of nothingness sprang forth to an existence,
Thrilling and wondrous ; to enjoy—enjoy
The new and glorious blessing—was its sole
employ.'

This is genuine poetry ; and the youthful feelings of a pure and ardent mind are here delineated with vigour of thought and beauty of expression. There is an ease of versification and command of language, that evince the writer to be no mean proficient in the more mechanical province of this art. We cannot, however, but regret, that either indolence or precipitancy should have caused him to admit such a blemish as that which occurs in the last of the above-quoted stanzas, where the accent on the word 'existence' is thrown on the last syllable ; a license hardly admissible, and one which mars the harmony of this otherwise fine passage. This piece abounds with so many beauties,—with such fresh and vivid descriptions of natural objects, and of the feelings excited by them, that we hardly know how to forbear quoting, although we have but little space for farther extracts from it. We must, therefore, against our inclination, forbear, and will only present our readers with a charming description of rustic infancy :—

'To meet in green lanes happy infant bands,
Full of health's luxury, sauntering and sing-
ing
A childish, wordless melody ; with hands,
Cowslips, and wind-flowers, and green brook-
lime bringing ;
Or weaving caps of rushes ; or with wands
Guiding their mimic teams ; or gaily swing-
ing
On some low sweeping bough, and clinging all
One to the other fast, till, laughing, down they
fall.'

We hardly recollect ever to have met with a more delightful picture of infantine sportiveness, or expressed with greater *naïveté*. The expression 'sauntering and singing a childish wordless melody,' is one of those touches which possess an undefinable grace, and depict, with apparent carelessness, more than the most elaborate description could attain. The lover of rural beauty cannot fail to be gratified with the various, accurate, and interesting details,

which, 'all with this posy blent,' the writer has introduced with the most picturesque effect.

The succeeding piece, that which gives the title to this elegant volume, breathes also, in many passages, strains of choice poetry, and exhibits the writer's powers of narration to advantage. Still, interesting as the tale of the ill-fated Maria and the rival brothers undoubtedly is, there are particulars of horror, which we would have been spared. The character of Walter also seems rather exaggerated, there is in it a sort of gratuitous malevolence and depravity, that are hardly natural,—certainly are painful to contemplate, and disturb the keeping of this sweet little forest romance. How delightful is the following sketch of the enthusiastic minstrel, among his sylvan haunts :—

'Thither would he come ;
And slowly wand'ring, as for wand'ring's sake,
Yet with ear, eye, heart, livingly awake,
Through the dry rustling leaves, by wild winds
swept
To shelter'd hollows, where they lay and slept
From year to year ;—through the deep sinking
moss
And bilberry clumps, each soft swell that em-
boss
With living green, and berries red and crude ;
There, stretching him in that loved solitude,
Drank with a deep and never-sated draught
All the glad spirit of that glorious time ;
Eyeing above the radiant blue that laugh'd
Through the young leaves of the luxuriant lime,
Or spreading sycamore, from which the chime
Of thousand busy and exulting bees
With odour of its pendant racemes,
Came soothingly, &c.'

The last line but one of this extract, is disfigured by a blemish similar to that of which we before complained. Occasionally, too, we have noted a bad and vulgar rhyme, as for instance, 'offender' to 'window ;' at other times no pause is allowed at the end of a line ; or rather, the reader is for the sake of the rhyme, obliged to make a pause where the sense will permit none, as for example, at page 26 :—

_____ 'whether you
Linger amidst the twilight and the dew.'
We are aware that the authority of no less a poet than Lord Byron, may be adduced in support of this practice, but it seems a licence hardly warrantable, at least one that ought very rarely indeed to be resorted to ; since it either absolutely confounds two lines together, so as to destroy all metre, or causes a pause equivalent in absurdity to the error of interposing a comma between the nominative and verb, when in immediate junction with each other.

Of the minor pieces, forming the remainder of the volume, most are distinguished by great lyric beauty ; among

these we may note 'Telle est la Vie,' where a common place idea receives an air of originality from the beautiful images by which it is expressed :—

'Seest thou yon bark?—it left our bay
This morn on its adventurous way,
All glad and gaily bright ;
And many a gale its impulse gave,
And many a gently heaving wave
Nigh bore it out of sight.
But soon that glorious course was lost,
And treach'rous was the deep ;
Ne'er thought they there was peril most
When tempests seem'd asleep.

Telle est la Vie!

'That flower, that fairest flower, that grew,
Aye cherish'd by the evening dew,
And cheer'd by opening day ;
That flower which I had spared to cull
Because it was so beautiful,
And shone so fresh and gay ;
Had all unseen a deathly shoot,
The germ of future sorrow ;
And there was canker at its root,
That nipp'd it ere the morrow.

Telle est la Vie!

I've watch'd from yonder mountain's height
The waxing and the waning light,
The world far, far below ;
I've heard the thunder long and loud ;
I've seen the sunshine and the cloud,
The tempest and the bow :
Now 'twas all sunshine glad and bright,
And now the storm was raging ;
Methought I read in that frail light
And storm, a warfare waging.

Telle est la Vie!

We know not, however, why the refrain of these beautiful stanzas might not with greater propriety have been English. 'E'en such is Life!' would have sounded equally musical, and have been fully as expressive. There are many other poems which deserve to be particularized, had we room here to point out their merits. The 'Elfin Woman,' is a pleasing ballad specimen, which shows that the author is capable of treating similar subjects with success. The piece entitled 'Charity,' possesses a certain quaintness of thought, rendered more striking by the apparently incongruous metre which is adopted, but the effect of the whole is by no means unpleasing. The 'Song of the Bethlehemite,' is one of those productions which cannot fail to delight the reader, who has any relish for genuine poetry. It possesses much of the spirit and happiness of expression which characterize the best of Moore's productions, and much of that charm which belongs to the fine hymns of Milman, in his lyrical dramas. Before closing our remarks on these interesting poems, we cannot forbear calling the reader's attention to one which differs from all the rest in the sportiveness of its subject ; this is the 'Legend of Dale Abbey,' founded on an ancient tradition, which

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is related at length in a note, as extracted from 'Pilkington's Derbyshire.' Although we did not expect to meet with so much sprightliness and vivacity in a Quaker muse, we are by no means scandalized at this pleasantry, nor do we at all think worse of the author, for having on this occasion relaxed a little from the primness of his 'cloth.' In his preface he has tendered some apology in behalf of a certain latitude of phrase and sentiment, which he anticipated might be considered as not exactly according with the rigid principles of his sect; deeming that in this he 'militates rather against popular opinion than against moral propriety;' still, in the way of general remark, we must say, that we should not be greatly pleased with many attempts at humour in authors of this stamp, not because we object to the thing itself, but because we consider it as in some degree incompatible with that purity and simplicity which has almost uniformly prevailed in individuals of the author's religious persuasion. Satire, even in its mildest form, has always a leaven of maliciousness lurking in it, and is far derogatory to the mild benevolence which is so conspicuous, and so amiable a feature in their character. It is a weapon too carnal to be wielded by their hands. Pleasantry, too, is apt to betray the most guarded into a certain latitude of expression; or, if betraying much caution, to degenerate into insipidity. Besides, we very much doubt whether a writer belonging to this sect would excel in any species of composition, demanding much of this quality; they are, in fact, not fitted for trifling agreeably, and we should as soon expect to find a member of this society distinguished by the elegant, polished address of a man of the world, as to find him particularly fortunate in any attempts at humour and *badinage*.

Ringan Gilhaize; or, the Covenanters.

By the Author of 'Annals of the Parish,' the 'Entail,' &c.

(Concluded from p. 307.)

RINGAN GILHAIZE, the hero of the new novel, of which we gave some account, had fixed the day for his marriage with Sarah Lochrig, before the news of King Charles's execution had reached Scotland, but the ceremony was deferred on account of that event, fearing that it would be followed by a total breaking up of the union and frame of society. But when it was found that the 'dreadful beheading of an anointed monarch, as a malefactor, had scarcely more ef-

fect upon the tides of the time, than the death of a sparrow,' Ringan's marriage was consummated.—Ringan, who, as has already been stated, is his own historian, narrates the events which occurred in Scotland after the death of Charles I. and the bad faith of his successor, in breaking the covenant he had sworn to maintain. The severe enforcement of the acts of Charles, by Archbishop Sharp, on whom the author is very severe, drove the Rev. Mr. Livingston, Ringan's minister, from his charge, and the last sermon he preached and the circumstances attending, afford a most delightful picture of Christian fortitude and Christian affection. The great provocations the Covenanters received, at length forced them to resistance, and they fought, but were defeated at Rullion Green. Among the occurrences of the time, Ringan was taken, and committed to the prison at Irvine; but, a few days before the day fixed for his trial, he escaped *à la Lavalette*, by dressing himself in his wife's clothes, and leaving her in prison. When Ringan had escaped, he began to regret, that he had saved himself by sacrificing his wife, but James Gottera, who had befriended him, remonstrated against such complaint, assuring him, that she would not be injured. A calm now succeeded to the storm of persecution, but it did not long continue. The Covenanters, who had given security to keep the peace, were soon again disturbed by the Duke of Lauderdale, who, being appointed to the council, 'was endowed with the power to persecute and domineer:—'

'The English forces came mustering against us on the borders, the Irish garrisons were drawn to the coast to invade us, and the lawless Highlanders were tempted, by their need and greed, and a royal promise of indemnity for whatsoever outrages they might commit, to come down upon us in all their fury. By these means ten thousand ruthless soldiers and unreclaimed barbarians were let loose upon us, while we were sitting in the sun listening, I may say truly, to those gracious counsellings which breathe nothing but peace and good-will. When, since the burning days of Dioclesian, the Roman Emperor,—when, since the massacre of the Protestants by orders of the French king, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, was so black a crime ever perpetrated by a guilty government on its own subjects? But I was myself among the greatest of the sufferers; and it is needful that I should now clothe my thoughts with sobriety, and restrain the ire of the pen of grief and revenge.—Not revenge! No; let the word be here—justice.'

'The Highland host came on us in want, and, but for their license to destroy, in beg-

gary. Yet when they returned to their wild homes among the distant hills, they were laden as with the household wealth of a realm, in so much that they were rendered defenceless by the weight of their spoil. At the bridge of Glasgow, the students of the college and the other brave youths of that town, looking on them with true Scottish hearts, and wrathful to see that the barbarians had been such robbers of their fellow-subjects, stopped above two thousand of them, and took from them their congregations of goods and wares, wearing-apparel, pots, pans, and gridirons, and other furniture, wherewith they had burdened themselves, like bearers at a flitting. My house was stripped to a wastage, and every thing was taken away; what was too heavy to be easily transported, was, after being carried some distance, left on the road. The very shoes were taken off my wife's feet, and "ye'll no be a refuse to gi'e me that," said a red-haired reprobate as he took hold of Sarah Lochrig's hand, and robbed her of her wedding-ring. I was present and saw the deed; I felt my hands clench; but in my spirit I discovered that it was then the hour of outrage, and that the Avenger's time was not yet come.'

Ringan was attending the funeral of his niece, and—

'But just as the coffin was laid in the grave, and before a spadeful of earth was thrown, a boy came running, crying, "Sharp's kill't!—the apostate's dead!" which made every one turn round and pause; and while we were thus standing, a horseman came riding by, who confirmed the tidings, that a band of men, whom his persecutions had made desperate, had executed justice on the apostate as he was travelling in his carriage with his daughter on Magus-moor. While the stranger was telling the news, the corpse lay in the grave unburied; and, dreadful to tell! when he had made an end of his tale, there was a shout of joy and exultation set up by all present, except by Michael and my brother. They stood unmoved, and I thought—do I them any wrong?—that they looked disconsolate and disappointed.'

Claverhouse was now appointed to command the army, and the Covenanters gave him battle on the moor of Drumclog—

'The dragoons were the first to halt, and Claverhouse, having ordered his prisoners to be drawn aside, was the first who gave the word to fire. This was without any parley or request to know whether we came with hostile intent or no. Clelland, on seeing the dragoons make ready, cried to us all to den ourselves among the heather; by which forethought the shot flew harmless. Then we started up, and every one, with the best aim he could, fired at the dragoons as they were loading their carabines. Several men and horses were killed, and many wounded. Claverhouse seeing this, commanded his men to charge upon us; but the ground was rough, the heather deep, and the moss broken where peats had been dug, and the

horses floundered, and several threw their riders, and fell themselves.

'We had now loaded again, and the second fire was more deadly than the first. Our horsemen also, seeing how the dragoons were scattered, fell in the confusion as it were man for man upon them. Claverhouse raged and commanded, but no one now could or would obey. In that extremity his horse was killed, and, being thrown down, I ran forward to seize him, if I could, prisoner; but he still held his sword in his hand, and rising as I came up, used it manfully, and with one stroke almost hewed my right arm from my shoulder. As he fled, I attempted for a moment to follow, but staggered and fell. He looked back as he escaped, and I cried—"Blood for blood;" and it has been so, as I shall hereafter in the sequel relate.'

The brother of Ringan was taken prisoner, and sent on board a vessel as a bondman, to the plantations in America; during the voyage he was lost, with two hundred other sufferers. Ringan was again taken prisoner, and again escaped. Ringan's son, Joseph, died in the battle of Bothwell Brig; and Claverhouse ordered the young stripling's head to be cut off, and sent in ignominy to Edinburgh, where it was placed on the netherbow. This prompted Ringan to revenge, or, rather, to be 'the executioner of the just judgments of him whose ministers are flaming fires and pestilence and war and storms and perjured kings,' on Claverhouse.

Ringan was afterwards engaged in Argyle's unfortunate expedition, in behalf of the Cameronians. Claverhouse, who had now got the title of Lord Dundee, still domineered in Scotland. Ringan, ever active when the good cause was to be served, joined in every attempt made by the Covenanters to rescue themselves from their thralldom, and served under General Mackay, against Claverhouse, at the battle of Rinrorie, with which the work closes. Describing the battle, Ringan says,—

'I ran to and fro on the brow of the hill—and I stampt with my feet—and I beat my breast—and I rubbed my hands with the frenzy of despair—and I threw myself on the ground—and all the sufferings of which I have written returned upon me—and I started up and I cried aloud the blasphemy of the fool, "There is no God."

'But scarcely had the dreadful words escaped my profane lips, when I heard, as it were, thunders in the heavens, and the voice of an oracle crying in the ears of my soul, "The victory of this day is given into thy hands!" and strange wonder and awe fell upon me, and a mighty spirit entered into mine, and I felt as if I was in that moment clothed with the armour of divine might.

'I took up my carbine, which in these transports had fallen from my hand, and I

went round the gable of the house into the garden—and I saw Claverhouse with several of his officers coming along the ground by which our hosts had marched to their position—and ever and anon turning round and exhorting his men to follow him. It was evident he was making for the pass to intercept our scattered fugitives from escaping that way.

'The garden in which I then stood was surrounded by a low wall. A small goose-pool lay on the outside, between which and the garden I perceived that Claverhouse would pass.

'I prepared my flint and examined my firelock, and I walked towards the top of the garden with a firm step. The ground was buoyant to my tread, and the vigour of youth was renewed in my aged limbs: I thought that those for whom I had so mourned walked before me—that they smiled and beckoned me to come on, and that a glorious light shone around me.

'Claverhouse was coming forward—several officers were near him, but his men were still a little behind, and seemed inclined to go down the hill, and he chided at their reluctance. I rested my carbine on the garden-wall. I bent my knee and knelt upon the ground. I aimed and fired,—but when the smoke cleared away I beheld the oppressor still proudly on his war-horse.

'I loaded again, again I knelt, and again rested my carbine upon the wall, and fired a second time, and was again disappointed.

Then I remembered that I had not implored the help of Heaven, and I prepared for the third time, and when all was ready, and Claverhouse was coming forward, I took off my bonnet, and kneeling with the gun in my hand, cried, "Lord, remember David and all his afflictions;" and having so prayed, I took aim as I knelt, and Claverhouse raising his arm in command, I fired. In the same moment I looked up, and there was a vision in the air as if all the angels of brightness, and the martyrs in their vestments of glory, were assembled on the walls and battlements of heaven to witness the event,—and I started up and cried, "I have delivered my native land!" But in the same instant I remembered to whom the glory was due, and falling again on my knees, I raised my hands and bowed my head as I said, "Not mine, O Lord, but thine is the victory!"

'When the smoke rolled away I beheld Claverhouse in the arms of his officers, sinking from his horse, and the blood flowing from a wound between the breast-plate and the arm-pit. The same night he was summoned to the audit of his crimes.

'It was not observed by the officers from what quarter the summoning bolt of justice came, but thinking it was from the house, every window was instantly attacked, while I deliberately retired from the spot,—and, till the protection of the darkness enabled me to make my escape across the Gary, and over the hills in the direction I saw Mackay and the remnants of the flock taking, I concealed myself among the bushes and rocks that overhung the violent stream of the Girnag.

'Thus was my avenging vow fulfilled,—and thus was my native land delivered from bondage. For a time yet there may be rumours and bloodshed, but they will prove as the wreck which the waves roll to the shore after a tempest. The fortunes of the papistical Stuarts are foundered for ever. Never again in this land shall any king, of his own caprice and prerogative, dare to violate the conscience of the people.'

Such is but a feeble outline of Ringan Gilhaize, whose feelings are the feelings of Scotsmen, and whose history is the history of their country. No one acquainted with that history, or inheriting the spirit of those brave defenders of the rights of conscience, who shed their blood in resisting religious tyranny, can read Ringan Gilhaize without being assured of its fidelity, and participating in the same feeling which is here so ably delineated. The author, through the whole of the work, keeps the mind rivetted to the narrative, and fluctuating as the scenes of weal or woe present themselves: he is evidently a great master of the passions, and if he does not sway them entirely at his will, makes them subservient to a good purpose. Abounding in vivid descriptions and pathetic incidents, Ringan Gilhaize conveys an instructive moral, and has a better claim to the character of a religious novel, in this respect, than many that are called so. The author has not turned men and events into ridicule, whose motives were as pure as their cause was just, but he has shown through what scenes of difficulty and danger the Covenanters, sustained by religion, were enabled to pass. Though the narrative is connected, yet there are a few delightful episodes scattered through these volumes, particularly the pathetic tale of Marion Ruet, which is one of those natural and heart-searching touches, in which the author surpasses every writer of his day.

Blossoms of Anecdote and Wit, or Mirth for the Parlour. 12mo. pp. 379. London, 1823.

HOWEVER much the ancients might have excelled in some things, we do believe that in wit and humour they were much our inferiors, and that a good joke of old would have been 'to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness.' It may, perhaps, be urged, as a reason why we have so few specimens of wit or humour among the ancients, that the severity of the monks and churchmen prevented their being handed down; but this we can scarcely believe, for history teaches us how to estimate the moral discrimina-

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tion of those divines, who, in following that divine command, 'Love your enemies,' have placed the flesh and the devil in the number; and it may be further observed, that although the greater part of the books of Livy are irrecoverably lost, the lascivious effusions of the amatory poets have been preserved entire. It is true that Martial wrote several smart epigrams, and that Hierocles, the Platonist, collected a few smart sayings, and several pedantic bulls or blunders, but the latter fell short of the perfection which our neighbours of the sister-island have since attained; though, to be sure, the Hibernians have had the stock of Hierocles to begin with, and a couple of thousand years to improve it in.

One reason why wit may have been fostered in England, was, perhaps, the custom of keeping fools or jesters, which was not confined to the court,—the lord mayor had his fool,—a fashion, it is presumed, common to the nobility,—and his business was to amuse by his jests, though he sometimes also admonished by them. In course of time, the good things were collected into books, and one of the earliest collections published was ascribed to Killigrew, though it was not published until many years after his death. A more celebrated collection was published, about half a century afterwards, well known by the name of 'Joe Miller's Jest-Book,'—though Joe, honest soul, had no more to do with it than we had.

Joe Miller was a comedian, who lies interred in the burial-ground in Portugal Street, belonging to St. Clement Danes; and though his friend, Stephen Duck, the thrasher poet, has, in his epitaph, praised his wit, yet he does not appear to have been celebrated for possessing that quality in his lifetime. The diurnals of the time record his death without the slightest compliment; and it even now seems doubtful whether he was a fellow of humour or not. We have somewhere read that he was not; that, in fact, he was so dull in company—that it was a joke to attribute one to him. But then it will be said, 'How came Joe Miller's Jest Book?' Of this we acquit poor Joe, who certainly has nothing to answer for on this account, since the real author of Joe Miller's jests was John Mottley, who wrote five dramatic pieces, and had some share in that many-fathered and still popular farce, *The Devil to Pay*. He was also the author of the *Life of the Czar Peter the Great* and the *History of Catherine of Russia*. Mr. Mottley was the son of Colonel Mottley, a great

favourite of James II., who followed the fortunes of that monarch to France, and afterwards fell at the battle of Turin in the service of Louis XIV. A few years after the Revolution, Col. Mottley returned to England (during which short visit, by the bye, he became father of the author of Joe Miller's Jest) on a mission from the abdicated king. The government, who had got intelligence of it, made strict search after him; and learning that he frequently supped with Mr. Tredenham, a member of Parliament, at the Blue Posts' Tavern, Haymarket, they sent to seize that gentleman and his papers. Mr. Tredenham was brought before the Earl of Nottingham, then secretary of state, who asked what the papers contained. 'Nothing, my lord,' said Mr. T., 'but several scenes of a play which I have been scribbling for my own amusement.' Lord Nottingham then looked the papers over, and returning them to the author said, 'I am quite satisfied, for, upon my word, I can find no *plot* in them.'

But we are detaining our readers from the 'Blossoms of Anecdote and Wit,' and we are sure, that if every joke was to be prefaced by so long an exordium, joking would soon be out of fashion,—which God forbid. The 'Blossoms of Anecdote and Wit' appear to us to have been very carefully culled from the choicest English shrubs. A few exotics have been introduced, but they are so far English as to be pure—no small recommendation to a work of humour; for, we regret to say, that there are very few collections, either of anecdotes or jests, that are fit to be introduced to young people or to females. In the delicacy and chasteness of selection, the editor of this little work has followed the good example of the Brothers Percy, who have done much to rescue collections of anecdote from the opprobrium under which they so long lay. Much good taste has also been displayed, in the present volume, in giving only the most *piquant bon mots* and the most interesting anecdotes. The editor has also the liberality to acknowledge the sources of some of his articles, though not always correctly. Thus, at page 283, he gives 'The Twister,' from the 'Literary Register,' where, perhaps, it appeared as original, although it had long before run the gauntlet of periodicals, and is found in the 'Polyanthea,' published in 1804, where it is called the 'English Verb.' At page 188, we have 'Mr. O'Looney's Account of the Rebellion in Ireland,' which is a poeti-

cal version of a letter given a few months ago in 'Longuemanne's Cunynge Advertyzer,' and then stated to be original, though the editor afterwards acknowledged that it was an old offender. At p. 99, there is an anecdote attributed to Charles XII., which belongs to that gallant Cambrian, David Gam. But why carp at a few jests, which afford room for an observation, when there are so many entitled to praise? The following appear to us a few of the most original,—or rather, perhaps, the least known:—

'*Smart Reply to Buonaparte*.—Buonaparte in his last interview with General Knobelsdorff, displayed that angry and intemperate folly, which, on some former occasions, had betrayed the weakness of his understanding. While the veteran minister was repeating some of the requisitions of his court, Buonaparte contemptuously interrupted him, and after a violent apostrophe against the Prussian government, added, "Prussia is merely a watch, and whoever winds it up will set it going." "True," replied Knobelsdorff, "my country is a watch, but please to observe it is a repeater, and if wound up, it will strike."'

'*The axe*.—A lady who had not received a very liberal education, or rather who had not profited by the opportunities afforded her in polite society of making amends for the want of early instruction, was frequently guilty of vulgarisms in expression, which did not always pass unnoticed. She was invited to join a large party, and cards being introduced, she was asked to make one in a rubber at whist. She answered, with a curtsy, that she never played *visk*. She had, indeed, played *vonce*, but they *von* all she was *worth*; so she preferred *kadrit*. A pool at quadrille was immediately formed, and after a deal or two, this lady, having a better hand than usual, said, "I *ax*." "Bless me! madam," said a sprightly young lady, whose turn to speak came next, "I had a most charming hand, but your *axe* has cut it to pieces."

'*How to air a bed*.—The chief apprehension of the Duke of Newcastle (the minister) was that of catching cold. Often, in the heat of summer, the debates in the House of Lords would stand still, till some window were shut, in consequence of the duke's orders. The peers would all be melting in sweat, that the duke might not catch cold.

'When Sir Joseph Yorke was ambassador at the Hague, a curious instance happened of this idle apprehension. The late king going to Hanover, the duke must go with him, that his foes might not injure him in his absence. The day they were to pass the sea, a messenger came at five o'clock in the morning, and drew Sir Joseph's bed curtains. Sir Joseph starting, the man said he came from the Duke of Newcastle. "For God's sake," exclaimed Sir Joseph, "What is it? Is the king ill?" "No." After several fruitless questions, the messenger at length said, "The duke sent me

to see you in bed, for in this bed he means to sleep."

Royal Compliment.—In the rebellion, 1745, Mr. Thornton (a Yorkshire gentleman) raised, at his own expense, a body of horse, and although but newly married to a beautiful young woman, headed it, and joined the king's army. After the battle of Culloden, he and his wife went to court, where being seen by the king, who had noticed Mrs. Thornton, he was then accosted by the monarch.

"Mr. Thornton," said his Majesty, "I have been told of the services you have rendered your country, and of your attachment to me and my family, and have held myself obliged to you for both; but I was never able to estimate the degree of the obligation till now that I see the lady whom you left behind you."

An Icy Epitaph.—A curious record of an accident, occasioned by the downfall of ice, is to be found as an epitaph on the son of the then parish-clerk at Bampton, in Devonshire, who was killed by an icicle falling upon and fracturing his skull.

In memory of the clerk's son.

Bless my i, i, i, i, i, i,

Here I lies

In a sad pickle,

Kill'd by icicle

In the year of Anno Domini, 1776.

The Yorkshire Lad.—A gentleman eating eggs in the kitchen at a country inn, was accosted by a lad, who begged he would give him a little salt, at the same time asking what the boy could want a little salt for. "Sir," replied the lad, "as you seemed a good-natured gentleman, I thought, perhaps, you might ask me to eat an egg, so I had a mind to be ready."—"You are a clever fellow," returned the gentleman; "there's an egg for you: what countryman are you?" "I am from York, sir," answered the boy. "From York!—why, they are a bad set there, I am told—they make nothing of horse stealing I hear; is it true?"—"Lord, sir," said the boy, "true enough; why they make no more of stealing a horse there, than I do of taking off your glass of ale—your health, sir."

Anecdote of the late Brook Watson.—It is well known that for some years the late Alderman Brook Watson wore a wooden leg, in consequence of his natural one having been bitten off by a shark while bathing. Dining one day with a gay party of his friends, he indulged very freely in wine, and became nearly insensible. After a while he went into his room, undressed himself, and got into bed, forgetting, however, to disencumber himself of his wooden leg, which made its appearance at the foot of the bed. Shortly after, the chambermaid (probably mistaking the room) entered the apartment, and seeing the end of the wooden leg, it had such an effect on her, that she immediately exclaimed, "Bless me, I've left the warming-pan in the bed;" and in her fright, accompanying this short but expressive speech with the appropriate action, she seized what she took for the warming-pan, and being strong, had actually pulled

poor Brook half out of bed, before she discovered her mistake.

The Saw found.—A carpenter of a ship lost a saw, and his suspicion fell on a negro-boy, who was the captain's servant. He could not, however, ascertain it. Some days afterwards, as he was working, he muttered to himself, "That saw still sticks in my gizzard." Pompey, overhearing this, ran to his master's cabin quite overjoyed: "O Massa!" says he, "me so glad!"—"What's the matter, Pompey?"—"Massa, carpenter's found him saw. Massa, he say him tick in him gizzard."

Our extracts have been principally from the anecdotes, but the volume is rich in epigram, bon mot, and repartee, and as it is a collection which will never throw a blush on the cheek of virgin innocence, we can recommend the 'Blossoms of Anecdote and Wit' with the utmost confidence; and, such are its sparkling qualities, we doubt not but in a short time the editor will have the felicity of being—laughed at in all good society.

The Elements of Pharmacy and of the Chemical History of the Materia Medica. By SAMUEL FREDERICK GRAY. 8vo. pp. 296. with Wood Cuts. London, 1823.

SOME books disappoint a reader when he opens them, as not fulfilling the expectations which their title holds out; but a far different feeling will be experienced by those who peruse this work. Purporting only to be the Elements of Pharmacy, it is, in fact, not merely an introduction to chemistry in general, but also contains many detailed hints useful to students in general, whatever may be the object of their pursuits, as well as much miscellaneous matter; the author having given the advice collected by his experience, relative to the best method of making collections and extracts from the books they read, notes of the lectures they attend, or of recording the thoughts and surmises of their own minds, with a sketch of the modes by which the memory has attempted to be improved, and the shortest plan for making a catalogue of a large library.

Simple as this latter work may appear, the frequenters of public libraries well know how few of their catalogues are adapted to the use of students. This is particularly the case with the British Museum, in regard to printed books: the catalogues of the manuscripts in that immense collection are, indeed, conveniently arranged for the finding of any required information; but, in the department of printed books, unless the enquirer knows the names of the authors

who have written upon the subject of his inquiries, he will have to read over eight good-sized octavo volumes, with numerous manuscript interpolations; and, after all this labour, perhaps find not a single book on the subject, respecting which he seeks for information: this is in consequence of the catalogue being arranged by the names of the authors of the several books. Anonymous works are easier found, as they are intermixed along with the series of the family names, according to the subject on which they treat, or, in the case of political pamphlets, by the king's name in whose reign they were published; while, by a strange reverse of the proper mode to be adopted in a public library, in contradistinction to a private one; the books themselves are placed on the shelves in the order of their subjects: an arrangement that is perfectly useless, the student not being permitted to enter the library.

Another subject, which would hardly be looked for in a book bearing this simple title, is a long historical account of the weights and measures of England, and of the introduction of them. In the course of which, the author exposes the errors and confusion, which the schoolmasters, ignorant of real business yet presuming to write upon the subject of arithmetic, have introduced of late years. This is an important part of the work, especially at the present moment, as it completely exposes the unjust preference still given by the legislature and the College of Physicians to the French troy weight, instead of our own national weight, introduced by the Romans, at the first civilization of this kingdom, formerly called the auncel, and now the avoirdupois weight.

There is not any thing in which the common works of chemistry are more deficient than in the description of the furnaces actually in use in the English laboratories. Mr. Gray has entered deeply into the subject, and detailed at length the construction of the principal furnaces that are or may be used in experiments, with figures, all drawn to one scale, so that their relative sizes may be judged immediately by the eye. He has also mentioned the several larger furnaces used in the arts and manufactures, which are constructed upon the same principles as each of those described by him.

Three several methods have been adopted by systematic authors upon chemistry.—Some, particularly the Pharmaceutic chemists, have described, at full length, the principal operations

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in the mineral branch, and a series of leading operations, in regard to the preparation of medicines from vegetables and animals, to serve as models for the operations to be performed upon other substances. Such are the courses of chemistry of Lemery, Wilson, Boerhaave, Macquer, and many other authors; but scarcely any have, of late years, adopted this mode, if we except Accum.—Another method of delivering the elements of chemistry, and that which has been principally used for the last forty years, is to fix upon a list of substances, either natural or artificial, but generally the latter, as the elements from whence all the other bodies in nature are compounded, arranging these supposed elements in some certain order, and then proceeding to describe the products that occur in combining these assumed elements, two and two together; or the appearances exhibited by such natural bodies as are supposed to be thus composed. In this method, the chemical history of the more complicated bodies of the mineral kingdom of nature are usually considered according to their place in the arrangement of the chemical mineralogists; those of the vegetable kingdom, by the several substances obtained from them, as sugar, starch, rosin, and the like; and those of the animal kingdom by the parts, or contained fluids, from whence the substances considered as their immediate elements are obtained,—as bone, muscle, blood; and in the case of small animals, according to their place in the arrangement of the naturalists. This confused mode of arrangement, as it must undoubtedly be called, is unavoidable upon this scheme; and, in the former part of it, has also the disadvantage of being a castle in the air, whose sole foundation is the peculiar hypothesis of the author; and hence arises as many chemistries as there are authors of reputation; each of which has, to the great confusion of the readers of scientific journals, his respective language, in consequence of the more simple substances being named in each, from their supposed composition. Thus we have the chemistry and chemical nomenclature of Lavoisier, or the old French school; the chemistry and nomenclature of Davy, or the English school; those of Thomson, with apparatus of combustibles, supporters, and incombustibles; those of Berzelius, with electric energies, volumes, and half-volumes; those of Gay-Lussac, or the new French school, and so on; every ten years producing a new school, which of course introduces

a new mode of naming substances among its own pupils. This confusion is the greater, as in some cases, a name given by one school to some particular substance, is given by another school to a very different thing; for example, muriate of mercury, in the language of some, designates calomel; and in that of others, that violent poison, corrosive sublimate.

Mr. Gray has recurred to the example of Stahl, in his celebrated 'Foundations of Theoretical and Practical Chemistry,' but has introduced all the new improvements; and having commenced with the use of the barometer, thermometer, and the other means of research, proceeds to give a concise account of the general principles of chemistry; after which, he treats of the chemical history of the several articles of the materia medica, the immediate object of his work.

This history is divided into two parts: the first, being that of the simpler substances, which are mostly minerals, commences with common air, in which article he considers the subject of quarantine and cordons of health, and proceeds through water, charcoal, metallic substances, sulphur, to saline and earthy substances, all which are first taken as they are found in nature or commerce, and then the preparations from them.

In the chemical history of gold, Mr. Gray has braved the sneers of the poets and satirists, and boldly given a very full account of the theories of the alchymists, and of the processes by which they attempted to change the cheap metals into those which are far more valuable, with a number of anecdotes relating thereto. He justifies his entering into this subject by the example of the Hon. Robert Boyle, Stahl, Sir Isaac Newton, Boerhaave, Bryan Higgins, and other celebrated authors, and by the singular change of properties that quicksilver acquires, by the action of the galvanic fluid upon it, when in contact with ammonia,—as it expands gradually to eight or even ten times its former size, and becomes a soft solid, like butter, although the alteration in its weight can scarcely be perceived by the most tender balances, amounting only to an addition of about one twelve thousandth part. In addition to what the author has stated concerning the testimonies of divers celebrated authors respecting the possibility of changing one metal into another, he might have adduced that of Sir Humphrey Davy, who, in his lectures given at the Royal Insti-

tution, from a review of the great number of properties which metals have in common, allowed that these resemblances by which they formed a numerous class of substances, so distinct from others, and yet so very similar among themselves, seemed to shew that metals are composed of a few elements combined together in various proportions, like the oils, combustible acids, and other substances obtainable from organized substances, and consequently changeable one into another, by altering the proportion of these elements, or by the addition or subtraction of one or more of them.

It has often been asserted and with some degree of truth, that the experiments of alchemists had contributed to the advancement of science; and there is no doubt that they would have done much more so, had there not been a sort of commercial mysteriousness or avarice on the subject, which prevented the philosophers from communicating the nature of their unsuccessful experiments to the world, lest they should furnish hints to others who might forestal them in the pursuit.

The historical notices on alchemy by Mr. Gray are very curious, and we make a few extracts, to shew that his book, though decidedly scientific, possesses an interest which must recommend it, even to the general reader. In noticing the alchemy of the Greek clergy, he says:—

'The invention of an apparatus for distillation, apparently by Zosimus, of Panapolis, in Egypt, about the year 600, and the discovery of the acid of nitre, in which the metallurgists saw with surprise, the hardest and most perfect metals melt like ice in hot water, seem to have given a great impulse to observation, and to have produced a very general attention to chemical pursuits, and particularly to the solution of those problems which offered the most tempting advantages, whilst the freshness of the subject prevented its difficulties from being duly appreciated. This salt seems to have been concealed by the Christian Greek clergy, under the name of the philosopher's stone, on account of the resemblance of its crystals to those of rock crystal; a resemblance so striking, that Linnæus, ascribing the figure of crystallized stones to an impregnation of salt, arranged rock crystal in his genus nitrum, along with saltpetre. It appears, from the Summa Perfectionis of Geber, that several theories had been devised in the interval between Zosimus and his own time, supposed to be about the year 800.'

To Geber the world is indebted for the first really scientific books on the nature of metallic substances:—

'The rapid conquests of the Arabs threatening Europe, the crusades were engaged

in ; by some, from motives of religion, by others, from principles of sound policy, to make the enemies' country the seat of war. In the course of this warfare, the works of Geber fell into the hands of the Europeans, and were abridged, but without any acknowledgment, by Albert von Bolstadt, Bishop of Ratisbon, commonly known in the divinity schools, by the title of Albertus Magnus. This abridger, or rather plagiarist, seems to have been incapable of perceiving the scientific form in which Geber had cast his subject, and deceived, probably, by the riches of Asia, into an opinion of an art of making gold and silver being actually practised, has reduced his work into a mere mass of prescriptions for making the precious metals. Although the crusades were the means of introducing the study of experimental metallurgic chemistry into Europe, they were also the cause which retarded the progress of that knowledge. During this absence of most of the landed interest of Europe, in Palestine and Egypt, the necessary remittance of their revenues passing through the hands of the Roman clergy, it brought the latter to a knowledge of the banking trade, induced on them a commercial character, and, as usual with bankers, was attended with a flow of riches which increased their power, and enabled them to dispute pre-eminence with the several civil governments under which they lived. The strenuous resistance always offered by churchmen to innovation, although it may be a manifest improvement, and in most instances, very justly, lest by losing a single peg the whole frame of society should fall down, leading them to keep up some old church establishments long after the temporal powers, with which they were once connected, have been overturned, without hope of restoration, and new church establishments formed, as we see in the Jewish and several Christian establishments: so the Roman clergy, still retaining their political attachment to the Pontifex Maximus of the western empire, although that empire had been for some time broken up and divided among several temporal princes, this union, under a single chief, gave them a political power, which being aided by the small means of coercion, that the temporal princes had over their turbulent subjects, rendered the Roman clergy and their adherents, the military monastic orders, at one time paramount in Europe. This banking trade, carried on by the clergy, was the principal cause of the retardation of chemical knowledge, by its professors being marked out as objects of persecution. The Europeans were at that time not far removed from barbarism, and, therefore, the magnificence and high civilization of the Oriental nations excited their admiration, and produced a desire of imitation, which was hindered in its progress in consequence of the custom of paying rents in personal services, rather than by any medium of commerce. The introduction of money rents in lieu of personal services, was the first step to civilization; but the revenues obtained, not being sufficient to answer the increased demands of

the luxury now introduced, and the princes not being able, from the precarious situation in which they stood, to levy any occasional deficiencies upon their subjects by direct taxes, were driven to the only remedy they had, that of raising the nominal value of the coin above the intrinsic value of the metal, and thus to make a large profit upon their mint. This method was, however, open to numerous frauds, the more especially, as the coinage was easily imitated, being very coarse in its workmanship, and produced a numerous tribe of false coiners, whom the civil powers had thus peculiar reasons for viewing with a malignant eye. The banking trade in which the clergy had engaged, led the way to their being deeply implicated in this false coinage, especially the Knights Templars, who were at that time in Europe what the East India Company is at this time in Hindoostan, and engrossed nearly the whole of the commerce. They endeavoured, however, to charge the crime upon others, and particularly upon the Jews, who were their rivals in the banking line, were strongly connected with the civil government, and especially protected by it, to which indeed they were indebted even for their existence, and to which they stood somewhat in the nature of libertini, or freed men, and might be shorn of their property at pleasure. In these circumstances, and amidst this collision of interests, chemistry making its appearance as the art of making gold and silver, excited much attention. By some it was greedily embraced as the readiest road to riches, and they engaged in the pursuit with ardour. To persons implicated in the false coinage, it served as a pretext to cover their frauds, on account of the apparatus being similar. The revenue officers looked upon it with a suspicious eye, not only for that reason, but also because, according to the law, all gold or silver that was extracted from mines or minerals, was the property of the sovereign, at a low fixed rate. The civil power, therefore, taking an alarm, exerted all its force against the false coiners, or whoever bore any resemblance to them; nor could the superior orders of the church refuse to give their assistance on the occasion. Chemistry being thus persecuted, could not be expected to flourish, for science is a tender plant, and does not, like any religious sect, which is a simplification of pre-existing establishments, grow up the faster the more it is attempted to be repressed. A few individuals, who had powerful protectors, as Roger Bacon, or those whose character placed them above suspicion, as Albertus Magnus, were the only persons who could openly study it; but the unfortunate direction it had taken to a single point, necessarily retarded its progress. And those, who thus publicly avowed their attachment to it, were commonly obliged to write of it in a manner much beyond their knowledge, to support the reputation they had gained in other sciences: by which means, a quantity of trash was given to the world, under the veil of great names: at the same time, a number of literary forgeries was produced, and greedily purchased by

the credulous and uninformed. As the slightest experience showed the falsity of these processes, the art itself was brought into contempt. The chemists being regarded with jealousy, both by the civil and ecclesiastical powers; stigmatized by the former as defrauders of the revenue, by adulterating the coin; by the latter, who could not avow their real motive, as magicians and atheists; and further regarded by the intelligent classes as swindlers; it is no wonder that so few chemical authors of any reputation are to be found in this period.

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'The kings of England and France, at length, coalescing upon a point which touched their revenues in so forcible a manner, the Knights Templars, throughout England and the south of Europe, were suddenly arrested, and received the punishment due to their crimes. By this means, the field of commerce was opened for the laity, and, in a few years afterwards, the Hanseatic league of the German cities was formed to defend their trade against the remains of the Templars, who, being the sovereigns of Prussia, still retained their power in the north of Europe. The power of the temporal governments being thus increased, they were enabled to supply the expenses of the state by regular modes of taxation, without having recourse, unless upon extraordinary occasions, to augmenting the value of their coins above their natural price. This alteration may be regarded as the means of the persecution which chemists laboured under being at an end, as their apparatus and pursuits were no longer marked out as objects of suspicion.'

The history of the compound combustible bodies, which forms the second part of the chemical history of the materia medica, is in two divisions: the first comprising those which are used as means of research, namely spirit of wine and acetic acid; the second that of the other drugs of this class, all arranged by their taste; this part, for the sake of elementary brevity, being necessarily confined to the drugs used by the London College of Physicians.

In a few instances, Mr. Gray has taken the liberty of dissenting from the College. It may be considered indecorous in an individual to set up his private opinion against the congregated wisdom of so respectable a corporation; it is, however, only upon the following grounds that this liberty has been taken. The dissimilarity of the formation of compound names used in the two parts of the work. The defining of native plants, and those cultivated in the neighbourhood of London by their botanic names, as though all apothecaries were botanists, which is very far from being the case; to say nothing of the consideration, that although when the 'Species Plantarum' of Linnæus was first

published, it was supposed to fix the identity of plants upon a permanent footing, yet time has shewn the vanity of that expectation: many of the Linnaean species being now found to contain not only several species, but even genera of plants. In fact, the current names are now known to be more determinate than those of the botanists. But the author's principal ground of complaint is, that the College instead of giving, as is done in some foreign pharmacopœias, the external, or chemical characters of the foreign roots, barks, &c. which are imported into this country for medical use, defines them by merely giving the botanic name of the plants, which are supposed to yield them, although in reality, many of them are the produce of several plants, which produce is mixed indiscriminately together, by the merchants and wholesale druggists; besides this, scarce any of the plants are to be found in this country, even in the most extensive collections of living plants, and therefore, can never be examined by the London apothecaries; even the mere figures of most can only be found in scarce and expensive works, and which, after all, can give but little information of any use to apothecaries, since the drug when dried and dressed for sale, has a very different appearance. Thus the College explains a thing supposed to be unknown, by one still less likely to be known.

To enter further into this subject, would lead us into mere pharmaceutical details, useless to general readers; but we have no hesitation in saying, that this work will be found not only highly interesting to the medical profession, but also to all who study chemistry, or the improvement of the chemical arts and manufactures; to whom these elements will be the more agreeable, from the avowed indifference of the author towards any particular school, and the severity with which he lashes the continual change of names, of which the chemists of the present day are so fond.

Ancient Mysteries described, especially the English Miracle Plays, founded on Apocryphal New Testament Story extant among the unpublished Manuscripts in the British Museum, including Notices of Ecclesiastical Shows, &c. By WILLIAM HONE. With Engravings on Copper and Wood. 8vo. pp. 298. London, 1823.

AMONG the great events traced to little causes, may perhaps, some day, be added, that of Mr. Hone writing a volume of

300 pages, because Lord Ellenborough, six years ago, said, what our author must have well known before, that 'the first scenic performances were mysteries or representations of incidents in Sacred Writ.' On this hint, Mr. Hone spoke, or rather has written; and a curious volume has been the result. The account of the mysteries is, however, the least interesting portion of it, as well as the least original: indeed, preceding antiquarians have dwelt so largely on this subject, that little was left for the present author, but to collect and methodize the labours of his predecessors, which he has done.

In the account of the pageants, the field was less trodden, and he has brought together many facts not generally known. In his Christmas Carols, he has also collected much information, which had escaped previous writers on this subject; a few extracts from these notices we shall make, as a supplement to our review of Mr. Davies Gilbert's Christmas Carols, some months ago:—

'The popularity of carol-singing occasioned the publication of a duodecimo volume in 1642, intitled, "*Psalmes or Songs of Sion turned into the language and set to the tunes of a strange land.*" By W(illiam) S(layter), *intended for Christmas Carols*, and fitted to divers of the most noted and common but solemn tunes, every where in this land familiarly used and knowne." Upon the copy of this book in the British Museum a former possessor has written the names of some of the tunes to which the author designed them to be sung; for instance, Psalm 6, to the tune of *Jane Shore*; Psalm 19, to *Bar. Forster's Dreame*; Psalm 43, to *Crimson Velvet*; Psalm 47, to *Garden Greene*; Psalm 84, to *The fairest Nymph of the Valleys, &c.*

'From a carol, called *Dives and Lazarus*, I annex an amusing extract:—

"As it fell out, upon a day,
Rich Dives sickened and died,
There came two serpents out of hell,
His soul therein to guide.
Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with me,
For you've a place provided in hell,
To sit upon a serpent's knee."

'However whimsical this may appear to the reader, he can scarcely conceive its ludicrous effect, when the metre of the last line is solemnly drawn out to its utmost length by a Warwickshire chanter, and as solemnly listened to by the well disposed crowd, who seem without difficulty to believe that Dives sits on a serpent's knee. The idea of sitting on the knee, was, perhaps, conveyed to the poet's mind by old wood-cut representations of Lazarus seated in Abraham's lap. More anciently, Abraham was frequently drawn holding him up by the sides, to be seen by Dives in hell. In an old book now before me, they are so represented, with the addi-

tion of a devil blowing the fire under Dives with a pair of bellows.'

'The custom of singing carols at Christmas prevails in Ireland to the present time. In Scotland, where no church feasts have been kept since the days of John Knox, the custom is unknown. In Wales it is still preserved to a greater extent, perhaps, than in England; at a former period, the Welsh had carols adapted to most of the ecclesiastical festivals, and the four seasons of the year, but at this time they are limited to that of Christmas. After the turn of midnight at Christmas eve, service is performed in the churches, followed by singing of carols to the harp. Whilst the Christmas holidays continue, they are sung in like manner in the houses, and there are carols especially adapted to be sung at the doors of the houses by visitors before they enter. *Lffyr Carolan*, or the Book of Carols, contains sixty-six for Christmas, and five summer carols; *Blodeugerdd Cymrii*, or the Anthology of Wales, contains forty-eight Christmas carols, nine summer carols, three May carols, one winter carol, one nightingale carol, and a carol to Cupid. The following verse of a carol for Christmas is literally translated from the first-mentioned volume. The poem was written by Hugh Morris, a celebrated song-writer, during the commonwealth, and until the early part of the reign of William III.'

"To a saint let us not pray, to a pope let us not kneel:

On Jesu let us depend, and let us discreetly watch

To preserve our souls from Satan with his snares;

Let us not in a morning invoke any one else."

'On the Continent the custom of carolling at Christmas is almost universal. During the last days of Advent, Calabrian minstrels enter Rome, and are to be seen in every street saluting the shrines of the Virgin mother with their wild music, under the traditional notion of charming her labour-pains on the approaching Christmas. Lady Morgan observed them frequently stopping at the shop of a carpenter. In reply to questions concerning this, the workmen who stood at the door said, that it was done out of respect to St. Joseph. I have an old print of this practice. Two Calabrian shepherds are represented devoutly playing at Christmas in a street of Rome, before a stone shrine, containing a sculpture of the infant Jesus in the Virgin's arms, lighted up by candles, with a relief under it of supplicating souls in purgatorial fire, inscribed "*Dite Ave Maria.*" A young female, with a rosary, is praying on her knees before the sculpture. The shepherds stand behind and blow the bagpipes and a clarionet.

'If one there be who has proceeded until now without tiring, he will know how much pleasantness there is in pursuits like these. To him who inquires of what use they are, I answer, that I have found them agreeable recreations at leisure moments. I love an old MS. and "a ballad in print," and I know no distance that I would not travel to obtain Autolycus's "*Ballad of a fish that ap-*

peared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids." I can scarcely tell why collectors have almost overlooked carols, as a class of popular poetry. To me they have been objects of interest from circumstances which occasionally determine the direction of pursuit. The wood-cuts round the annual sheets, and the melody of "*God rest you merry Gentlemen*," delighted my childhood; and I still listen with pleasure to the shivering carolist's evening chaunt towards the clean kitchen window decked with holly, the flaring fire showing the whitened hearth, and reflecting gleams of light from the surfaces of the dresser utensils.

The history of the Lord Mayor's show is very curious; and we have an excellent chapter on the giants in Guildhall, which Mr. Hone very satisfactorily proves to be little more than a century old. They are made of wood and are hollow; but their predecessors were of wicker work, and were frequently used in the pageants of the corporation:—

'Giants were part of the pageantry used in different cities of the kingdom. By an ordinance of the mayor, aldermen, and common-council of Chester, for the setting of the watch on the eve of the festival of St. John the Baptist, in 1564, it was directed that there should be annually, according to an ancient custom, a pageant, consisting of four giants, with animals, hobby-horses, and other figures, therein specified. In 1599, Henry Hardman, Esq. the mayor of that year, from religious motives, caused the giants in the midsummer show "to be broken, and not to goe the devil in his feathers," and he provided a man in complete armour to go in their stead; but in 1601, John Ratelyffe, a beer-brewer, being mayor, set out the giants and the Midsummer show as usual. On the restoration of Charles II. new ones were ordered to be made, and the estimate for finding the materials and workmanship of the four great giants, as they were before, was at five pounds a giant; and four men to carry them at two shillings and sixpence each. The materials for making these Chester giants were deal-boards, nails, pasteboard, scaleboard, paper of various sorts, buckram, size-cloth, and old sheets for their bodies, sleeves and shirts, which were to be coloured; also tinsel, tinfoil, gold and silver leaf, and colours of different kinds. A pair of old sheets were to cover the father and mother giants, and three yards of buckram were provided for the mother's and daughter's hoods. There is an entry in the Chester charges of one shilling and fourpence "for arsenic to put into the paste to save the giants from being eaten by the rats;" a precaution, which, if adopted in the formation of the old wicker-giants of London, was not effectual, though how long they had ceased to exist before the reparation of the hall, and the carving of their successors, does not appear. One conjecture may, perhaps, be hazarded, that, as after the mayor of Chester had ordered the giants

there to be destroyed, he provided a man in armour as a substitute; so, perhaps, the dissolution of the old London giants, and the incapacity of the new ones for the duty of Lord Mayor's show, occasioned the appearance of the men in armour in that procession.'

The generally received opinion of the giants is, that they represent Corinaeus and Gogmagog; and the story is, that after the destruction of Troy, Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas, with a band of Trojans, among whom was Corinaeus, being in quest of adventures, landed at Totness, in Devonshire;—

"Those mightie people borne of giants brood
That did possesse this ocean-bounded land,
They did subdue, who oft in battell stood
Gainst them in field, untill by force of hand
They were made subject unto Brute's command:

Such boldness then did in the Briton dwell,

That they in deeds of valour did excell,
Unable to cope with these experienced warriors none escaped,—

Save certain giants whom they did pursue,
Which straight to caves in mountaines did
thein get.

So fine were woods, and floods, and fountaines
set

So cleare the aire, so temperate the clime,
They never saw the like before that time.'

Perceiving that this was the country, denoted by the oracle, wherein they were to settle, Brutus divided the island among his followers, which, with reference to his own name, he called Britain.

'To Corinaeus gave he, frank and free,

The land of Cornwall for his service done.

And for because from giants he it won.

Corinaeus was the better pleased with this allotment, inasmuch as he had been used to warfare with such terrible personages. The employment he liked fell afterwards to his lot. For, on the sea-coast of Cornwall, Brutus was accustomed to keep a peaceable anniversary of his landing, so on a certain day, being one of these festivals, a band of the old giants made their appearance, and suddenly breaking in upon the mirth and rejoicings, began another sort of amusement than at such a meeting was expected. The Trojans seized their arms, and a desperate battle was fought, wherein the giants were all destroyed, save Goemagog, the hugest among them, who being in height twelve cubits, was reserved alive, that Corinaeus might try his strength with him in single combat. Corinaeus desired nothing more than such a match, but the old giant in a wrestle caught him aloft and broke three of his ribs. Upon this, Corinaeus being desperately enraged, collected all his strength, heaved up Goemagog by main force, and bearing him on his shoulders to the next high rock, threw him headlong, all shattered, into the sea, and left his name on the cliff, which has been ever since called Lan-Goemagog, that is to say, the Giant's-Leap. Thus perished Goemagog, commonly called Gogmagog, the last of the giants. Brutus afterwards built a city in a chosen spot, and called it Troja Nova, which changed in time to Trinovantum, and is now called London.

An ancient writer records these achievements in Britain to have been performed at the time when Eli was the high-priest in Judea.

'Mr. Archdeacon Nares in his Glossary, corroborates the Gigantick Historian's supposition concerning the personages that the Guildhall statues represent, by a quotation from the undermentioned work, of some old verses printed on a broad sheet, 1660:—

'And such stout *Coronæus* was, from whom
Cornwall's first honor, and her name doth come.
For though he sheweth not so great nor tall,
In his dimension set forth at *Guildhall*,
Know 'tis a poet only can define
A gyant's posture in a gyant's line.

* * * * *

And thus attended by his direful dog,
The gyant was (God bless us) *Gogmagog*.

British Bibliogr. iv. p. 277.

'The author of the "*Gigantick History*" supposes, that as "*Corinaeus* and *Gogmagog* were two brave giants, who nicely valued their honour, and exerted their whole strength and force in defence of their liberty and country; so the city of London, by placing these their representatives in their Guildhall, emblematically declare, that they will, like mighty giants, defend the honour of their country and liberties of this their city, which excels all others, as much as those huge giants exceed in stature the common bulk of mankind." Each of these giants, as they now stand, measures upwards of fourteen feet in height; the young one is believed to be *Corinaeus*, and the old one *Gogmagog*.'

We are far from thinking this evidence conclusive, but it possesses as much or more probability than most of the conjectures respecting these giants. We may, perhaps, hereafter, collect a few miscellaneous notices from Mr. Hone's work, but at present we pause, and thank him for a volume, which does credit to his ingenuity and research.

—♦—
Plain Thoughts of former Years upon the Lord's Prayer; with Deference, addressed to Christians at the present Period. [By Rev. W. B. DANIEL.] 8vo. pp. 267. London, 1823.

UNTIL we took up the volume now before us, we should have said that the Lord's Prayer, of all other subjects, religious or profane, least required comment. An atheist (if there be such a being, which we doubt,) might even conform to it, and a christian could ask no more; and yet a man of talent we find can fill upwards of two hundred pages with discourses on the subject, and even fill them well. The author divides this prayer into eight parts, each of which furnishes matter for a discourse, and an able discourse too. The object of the author appears to be to shew the benignity of Christ, in forming one short prayer, which effectually

includes all our wants, spiritual and temporal, and he justifies himself in offering discourses on self-evident truths, on the ground that the greater portion of the world need often to be reminded of the hope which they profess, and the obedience which they promise, whenever the supplication of the Lord's Prayer is employed. The discourses are termed plain thoughts, and though well written, they certainly are sufficiently intelligible to any capacity, and breathe the spirit of true religion.

ON A CANAL THROUGH THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

(From the United States Magazine for March.)

INGENIOUS men have been much occupied with the idea of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through what is called the Isthmus of Darien. The late changes in the political institutions of this part of the globe, have given to this subject an additional interest; and we hope that the desired communication will rank among the first public acts of our sister republic of Columbia. But a few years have passed, since a canal of the extent, was considered only to be the parallel of an Egyptian pyramid, requiring the wealth of an absolute monarch, and the labour and skill to be wielded by such power alone. Now, a single member of our young republic constructs canals of many hundred miles in extent, in the short space of four years, with an expense comparatively insignificant, and overcomes obstacles hitherto deemed insurmountable.

Our attention is now called to this subject by a MS. map of part of the Isthmus of Darien, with an accompanying memoir in Spanish, which have lately been put into our hands by our distinguished townsman, Dr. Mitchell. The map appears to be genuine, and is constructed as late as 1821, by W. E. Cortin. It embraces that portion of the Columbian republic, through which flow the rivers Atrato and St. Juan, between the latitudes of six and ten days north.

Humboldt, the most accurate and indefatigable traveller of ancient or modern times, has enumerated no less than nine different points of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the most northerly being at the river Columbia, and the most southerly a conjectural passage in Patagonia. The mountainous range of the Andes opposes an irremovable barrier to a free water communication, at all these points but two; and it is to these two points we beg leave, at present, to direct the attention of our readers.

In latitude 8 deg. 12 min. north is the mouth of the river Atrato, called Baracoa, emptying into the Bay of Candelaria, at the bottom of the gulf of Darien. This bay is sufficiently large for all the ships in the world; it has good anchorage from fifteen to twenty fathoms, and is sheltered from all winds. There is a bar of two hundred va-

vas in breadth, with five feet at low water, across the mouth of the Atrato, consisting of hard sand. The Atrato, in the memoir above referred to, is estimated at five hundred and thirty miles in length, to its source, and is navigable for steam-boats drawing six feet water, about four hundred miles, to its junction with the Quito. It strongly resembles our Mississippi, in its inundations, its numerous windings and bayous, and in being filled with logs, sawyers, and other impediments to a safe navigation. These obstacles will be removed, as the country becomes settled and cultivated. Pursuing the course of the Quito, by a very shoal navigation, to nearly its course, we have only to cross the Ravine de la Raspadura, a distance of four and a half miles, and we arrive at the bank of the river St. Juan, which empties into the bay of Charambira, in the Pacific.

We are indebted to Humboldt for the knowledge of the fact, that as early as the year 1788, an enterprising monk caused a canal to be made, connecting these two rivers: by means of which, in rainy seasons, loaded canoes have passed from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. It is not, however, our intention, at present, to examine this particular route, as another presents itself, less tedious and dangerous, and which seems to us far preferable.

Following the course of the Atrato from its mouth, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, we come to a tributary stream, entering from the north, called the Naippi. This river presents no great obstacles to navigation, for a distance of forty-five miles, from which point, a portage of six miles brings us to the Bay of Cupica, opening to the Pacific. This portage is level, and well adapted to a canal; and Cupica Bay is safe, and sheltered from all winds. It is here, we think, that the only advantageous junction of the two oceans must be undertaken.

The shoal and rapid course of the Quito clearly exhibits such an elevation of the country, as would prevent the construction of a useful canal in that direction—presenting the objection of numerous locks, and, perhaps, a deficiency of water at the summit level. The little cut made in 1788, will remain more an object of curiosity than of utility.

By the river Naippi, on the contrary, with a level portage, and perhaps assistance from the river Nasique, that discharges itself into Cupica Bay, a canal can easily be made, which would give facility to the transportation of merchandise from one sea to the other. We are not, however, of the number of those who think that this channel would, for centuries, be widened by natural causes sufficiently for sea vessels. From the most exact barometrical experiments, the difference of level between the two seas cannot be but few feet—which difference may readily be ascribed to the want of minute accuracy attending this mode of measurement. From geological appearance, we are warranted in concluding, that the whole sea of Antilles has, at a distant period, been

land, of which the numerous islands are the remains. Hence, the gradual operations of the sea may, in the course of ages, make a passage through the Isthmus;* but there never will, we imagine, be effected by human agency, a free water communication for the largest ships. Humboldt has enumerated the many and important consequences that would ensue, if the two continents were disjoined; and the lynx-eyed jealousy of our English brethren, has already anticipated the serious results of this disruption, affecting the stability of her eastern empire.

The countries watered by the rivers Atrato and Naippi are represented as fertile, and occupied by numerous hordes of hostile Indians, by which it is rendered necessary for boats on these rivers to be well armed. These hordes, under better political institutions, will be harmless, or disappear; and we consider it a matter of congratulation, that the spot designated for this important work falls within the limits of our sister republic, Colombia.

Foreign Literature.

SWEDISH LITERATURE.

THE last number of the '*Hermes*' contains an article on the present state of Swedish literature, of which we proceed to present our readers with a concise abstract; presuming that it may not prove uninteresting, even to those unacquainted with the language, to be thus put in possession of some information, as to the state of letters in that country, and relative to its principal writers. At the commencement of the present century, the liberty of the press, which had been for some time considerably restricted, became still more abridged. Whatever tended to the free expression of opinion was regarded with a jealous eye; and those journals, which had served as the organs of public discussion, were discontinued. It was then that Leopold, Silverstolpe, and Madame Leengren, the most celebrated writers of that period, ceased to employ their pens, freedom of thought being virtually interdicted. This interval, so unfavourable to literary energy, continued until the revolution in 1809, which produced a correspondent change in whatever related to opinion, and promoted the unrestrained expression of it. From that moment, literature received a fresh impulse, and has ever since continued to exhibit fruits, from which the most fa-

* A canal across the Isthmus facilitates the subjection of Japan, by giving the western shore of the Continent, the advantages of the superior resources of the eastern shore.—America may be looked upon as a stepping stone to the European strife, which has in view to reach eastern Africa. It is the nursery of the race of men who are to conquer and civilize Asia.—Vide Crawford's History of the Indian Archipelago, vol. 8, p. 337, et seq.

ourable augury may be drawn as to the future.

In reviewing its progress, since the year 1800, we naturally divide it into two periods, namely, that anterior and that subsequent to 1810. About the year 1802, the press was subjected to the severest restrictions. The monarch, destitute of taste for either science or art, felt no disposition to promote the literature of his country. The principal literary institutions were, then, the four universities, Upsala, Lund, Abo, and Greifswalde; the Academy of History and that of Antiquities and the Fine Arts; the Swedish Academy, and the Academy of Music, at Stockholm; and the scientific societies of Upsala and Gothenburg. Besides these, there were a few that may be considered as private institutions; among which may be noticed the Zoophytological Society, founded by Afzelius, at Upsala, in 1802, which, in 1807, changed its title to that of the Institutum Linnæanum; and the Medical Society founded in the same year with the preceding.

During this period, the principal men of letters were, Olof Wallquist, Bishop of Wexiö (died April 30th, 1800); Count C. A. Ehrenswärd (died May 21st, 1800), known by his travels in Italy, and a work on the Philosophy of the Belles Lettres. This ingenious and deep thinker was also distinguished as an able and brave naval commander. His literary merits, however, were ill appreciated by his contemporaries, who regarded him rather as a whimsical, fanciful visionary, than a writer whose opinions were to be adopted. It was not until subsequently to his death that he was estimated according to his genius, since then he has been acknowledged to be one of the ablest writers which his country has produced.—Bengt Ferrner, the astronomer, and tutor to Gustavus the Third, was author of several papers printed in the transactions of the Academy of Sciences, and in those of the Academy of History, &c. Uno von Troil, Archbishop of Upsala, is a name well known nearly all over Europe, by his Letters on Iceland, which have been translated into the principal modern languages. He also edited many historical documents, illustrative of the history of the reformation of Sweden; and also amended the service of his church, (died July 27th, 1803). H. G. Porthen, Professor of Eloquence at Abo, did much for the early history of Sweden, and more particularly of Finland (died March 16th, 1805).—Michael Choräus (a clergyman, who died June 3rd, 1806)

deserves notice as the author of a volume of poetry, containing several elegiac compositions, that breathe the pathos and tenderness of Hölty.—Count G. F. Gyllenborg (died March 30th, 1808) was held in great esteem as a poet; and deservedly so, if noble sentiments, fine moral taste, beauty of language, and polished versification, can atone for that energy of thought and play of fancy, which constitute the soul of the art. His compositions savour too much of the French school. Among the remaining writers of this period who attained celebrity, may be mentioned the names of Lenberg and Thorild. The former of these, who was an ecclesiastic, and held the Bishopric of Linköping, was distinguished by his eloquence, although his oratory does not always display the most correct taste. He is too wordy, his figures are forced and affected, and his style very antithetical. His sermons were not published until after his decease, in 1813. Thorild, on the contrary, may be considered as one of the most eloquent writers Sweden has ever produced. All his works are replete with profound reflection, and possess sound practical value; but neither his seeming paradoxes nor his frankness gained him any reputation during the luke-warm period of Gustavus III.—Dahl also ought not to be passed over; for, although he did not contribute much to the culture of his native language, he effected no little for the reputation of his country as an able Greek scholar: his grammar of that tongue, though not altogether sufficiently practical, discovers just philosophical views. As a poet, his reputation rests upon his Psalms, which evince how much may be done by a cultivated mind, even not pre-eminently gifted with poetical talent, when it utters the unaffected sentiments of the heart. After giving this brief recapitulation of the principal writers who flourished during the first decennium of our century, we shall next proceed to notice those of the subsequent period.

(To be continued.)

Original.

THE PERIPATETIC—No. VI.

Dandies in general—Dandy Automata and their Tailors—Dandies in Wax—Grecian and Roman Dandies—French Monks and Tigers, Petits-maitres and Gourmands—Bishop Wilkins's Wings—Duke of Cumberland's Wig—Dandy Relics.

IT is a common notion, that the present age abounds more than any preceding one in those frivolities of dress,

which, in different times, have been known by so many various designations. And the man of grave habits, (I may use this expression in a double sense,) who is occasionally obliged to do penance as a pedestrian, through the fashionable haunts of the 'West End,' encountering, on his route, the swarm of dandies, that, 'thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa,' are scattered along that quarter of the town, seldom fails to return home with the most alarming impressions against the unparalleled foppery of the age. For my own part, however, I am much disposed to set down this notion among our 'vulgar errors,' since I cannot but think, that the insignificant tribe in question, whether under the appellation of beaux, fops, *petits-maitres*, dandies, or exquisites, have equally abounded in all ages, and have, for the wisest purposes, been destined to act as a foil or set-off to the more sober part of their species.

Accordingly, when, in my peripatetic excursions, I fall in with any of these non-descripts, the circumstance throws me into a fit of philosophical speculation on the inanity of their pursuits, as contrasted with the more important objects of mankind. And the latter are proportionably elevated in my opinion, as they are thus brought into a comparison so much in their favour. The frivolous creature, who lives only in his clothes, may justly be considered as being nothing out of them;—he is in fact no more than an automaton, made to shew off the newest fashions,—a mere walking figure, designed to display to the best advantage the dexterity of his tailor, and too often, his own in the bargain, when he happens to walk away, much to the cost and chagrin of the aforesaid ingenious artificer. And this, by the bye, is the grand mark of distinction between the walking dandy and that of wax, which remains stationary in the tailor's shop-window to the great edification of all admiring passengers. But, whatever ingenuity the automata in question may occasionally evince in this particular, I still hold them to be as unqualified for any rational functions as Punch and Judy themselves, and should as little think of entering into conversation with them, as with the Italian images that perambulate our streets, or with the royal effigies in the Tower.

But I have said, that the race of irrationals under consideration are by no means confined to our age and country. On the contrary, we read of them in all times and among all nations. Even

those sage and philosophical people, the Greeks and Romans, were not exempt from them. A modern traveller in Greece discovered amongst the ruins of the Parthenon, the representation of several Grecian dandies, attired in the full costume of jockey-boots and gypsy-hats, and thus exhibiting complete prototypes of certain well-dressed gentlemen in the present day. But the wise man has said, that 'there is nothing new under the sun;' and it is, therefore, probable, that all the inventive powers of our modern *fabriquans des habits* have been unable to add any thing material to the discoveries of their precursors of Athens and Rome.

It is among the Romans, however, that we are to look for the ancient dandies in the greatest perfection. Not only are they described by their poets, and depicted in their statues, but they are even recorded by their historians, from whom we learn, amongst other valuable knowledge on this point, that, wigs of all cuts and shapes were as commonly worn in Rome as they are now in London*. But those who wish to be fully informed on the important topic of old Roman fashions, may consult Ferrarius *de Re Vestiaria*, where they will find them all most satisfactorily described. For myself, I have no wish, at present, to set forth my learning in this abstruse science, by introducing, as I might, an erudite dissertation on the *toga*, *instita*, *peplus*, or *cinctus gabinus*. Yet these, with a thousand other varieties in the Roman costume, would form an edifying study for the dandies and tailors of this metropolis, who might thus add materially to the grace and refinement of the art in which they so much delight. Among all the garments worn by the beaux of Rome, the *multitium* seems to have been the favourite: it was of a fine transparent nature, and therefore well adapted to display the human shape to advantage. Juvenal, in whose time this effeminacy appears to have been all the rage, inveighs against a distinguished warrior of the day, for having assumed it. These are his words:—

—sed quid
Non facient alii, cum tu *multitia* sumas,
Cretice?

What, valiant Creticus, won't others do,
When thus we see such foppery in you?

* See Suetonius and Polybius on this interesting point, or M. Dutens in his 'Histoire des Decouvertes,' and to these I may add, the very laborious 'Histoire des Peruques,' by that ingenious Frenchman, M. Thiers, notwithstanding his scepticism on the important subject under consideration.

But the ultra-dandies of Rome went still further than this, and, not content even with the transparency of the *multitium*, appeared frequently, as to the upper part of their persons, in *puris naturalibus*. Thus Horace in allusion to a beau of the name of Telephus, says:—

'Dum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem, roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, &c.'

While Telephus's blooming charms,
His rosy neck and waxen arms,
With rapture, Lydia, you admire.

Far be it from me, however, as a grave and moral peripatetic, to insinuate that our modern fops ought to emulate those of Rome in abandoning, à la Byron, their cravats and collars, or in appearing without sleeves to their coats or shirts. All this may be very well on Moulsey Hurst or Hornsey Down, but would, I admit, be quite against all *bienséance* in Pall Mall or the Park. For this reason, I would, by no means, insist on this point, much as I might be disposed to recommend the Roman *toga* in preference to the tight-laced dandy jacket, to say nothing of the stays, now so much in vogue.

It would be easy enough to show, that the rage of dandyism, under other names, has ever prevailed, more or less, in this country, and that France, in particular, was, at no very distant period, the grand mart for all things needful for our bodies, whether externally or internally, whence it became the perpetual resort of our milliners, caterers, tailors, cooks, beaux, epicures, *et hoc genus omne*. Indeed Voltaire himself designates his countrymen, as being either monkies or tigers; and we may conclude, that the former character, in which they appeared before the last thirty years, is their natural one, and that, after having played the tiger so long, there is now some chance of their resuming it. Who will venture to say, then, that Paris may not become again, as in happier times, the grand emporium of *gourmands* and *petits-mâtres*?

But, 'to return to our sheep,' as the French adage has it, or, what is the same thing to our dandies, I never, in my philosophic saunterings, encounter any of these unfortunates, without wishing, in the true spirit of christian charity, that they would borrow Bishop Wilkins's wings, which by enabling them to fly to the moon*, where, as Ariosto tells us, all lost things are to be found, might give them some chance of regaining their wits. But as Bishop

* The ingenious prelate here mentioned, actually entertained the possibility of such a flight.

Wilkins, when he quitted this sublunary sphere, unluckily took his wings along with him, the consummation, I have mentioned, is more to be wished than expected. Our dandies must, therefore, be content to remain the same witless automata they have always been. But it may be some consolation to them to reflect, that, a century hence, their hats, stays, or trowsers, (should they luckily escape the ravages of time and old-clothesmen) may become objects of as great curiosity, and be as highly prized by antiquarians and virtuosos, as a Roman *vitta* or *pilum* would now be, or as the great Duke of Cumberland's wig was, about ten years ago, when it was bought for fifty pounds sterling. It may then be worthy the consideration of our fops and exquisites, whether, instead of bestowing their cast-off habiliments on a set of thankless valets and grooms, it would not be more advisable to direct them, by their last wills, to be carefully treasured for the benefit of posterity, so that, by being disposed of as pieces of virtù, they might acquire a value, which never belonged to their wearers. And the profits of such bequests might very appropriately be laid out in the foundation of a hospital for incurables, provided the consciences of the testators should not impel them to the more honourable course of indemnifying the descendants of their respective tailors for the losses sustained by their grandsires. But, be this as it may, I trust this piece of friendly advice will be as kindly taken by those for whom it is intended, as it is sincerely offered by

THE PERIPATETIC.

May 19th, 1823.

Original Poetry.

ISLINGTON.

THE days of archery now are o'er,
When Robin Hood and Little John,
The emblems of their ladies bore
Around the realms of Islington.

And times are past when Gilpin rode,
When Goldsmith, Steele, and Addison,
Wrote prose and verse in saug abode
At ancient merry Islington.

Bright be the drop that brims the glass,
Which pledges happy moments gone;
And each shall kiss his favourite lass—
The pretty girls of Islington.

In morning's light, or evening's peace,
And sounds are given in unison,
The ear conveys the soul's release
Through echoing bells of Islington.

Who treads the pleasant walks around
And does not feel delight,—upon
The feasting and prolific ground
Of populating Islington?

Faces there were, and tongues that blest,
And hearts that felt and kindly shone;
But they recede to dust and rest
In vaults and graves at Islington.
Love gives us more, they still are sweet
For lips and eyes and shapes to con;
And all the charms, if care they cheat,
Are dearly prized at Islington.
Then happy place! let every good
Thy various seasons foster on,
Till Time his latest hour conclude,
The halcyon reign of Islington.

J. R. P.

LIBERTY'S ADDRESS TO THE SPANIARDS.

SEE, Spaniards, the boundary is past! The
slaves
Of the tyrants have dared to invade ye;
Their banner of bigotry pompously waves,
To crush what the ardour of freedom has
made ye.

But spurn them,—combine ye,—be true to your
cause;

Like the ivy and oak, be entwin'd and be
strong;

They may partially trample your well-founded
laws,

But my presence forbids that their triumph
last long.

Remember this lesson: though tyranny's tide
Shall swell and o'erwhelm the mild valley of
peace,

Its wide roaring billows will shortly subside,
Its proud devastation will speedily cease.

Then arm ye, be bold, it is Liberty's call,
—He wills ye, he bids ye defend every right;
Take, take up his falchion and shield, and
appal

And vanquish the foes of your country in
fight.

I see ye aroused; my appeal is not vain;
The undying ember, though lambent awhile,
Is blown into brightness, and soon will attain
The splendour which formerly beam'd o'er
thy soil.

Behold me—no vision—substantial, I come
To lead thee, advise thee, my presence I give;
With me be united, then happy at home,
Rever'd and admir'd by the world ye will
live.

I smile from this mountain, and greet thee,
brave Spain,

My rays o'er thy hills and thy vallies extend,
Except where thy foes dare invade—my disdain
A mildew there sheds, that in ruin must end.

The tyrants have often forg'd fetters for me,
In bondage, in dungeons, have held me
awhile.

Still my spirit, unshackled, has dared to be free,
And all their oppression I've view'd with a
smile.

Among ye I come, then protect me, ye brave,
The tyrants are wielding and waving the
sword;

Ye have sworn at my altar your freedom to
have,
Keep sacred that oath and be true to your
word.

On the gifts I bestow you must calculate well,
With freedom comes industry, science, and
art,

Companions with me and mild peace ever
dwell,
Inspiring, expanding, improving each heart,

Though plunged into war, soon that war shall
bring peace,
Though invaders awhile o'er thy country may
roam;

'Tis Liberty's fiat, oppression shall cease,
My standard I rear, and Iberia's my home.
20th May, 1823. O. F.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

ON Wednesday, the annual distribution
of prizes awarded by this society, took
place at the King's Theatre, Haymarket.
The progress of the society and the in-
terest it excites, may be collected from
the different places at which the prizes
have been distributed. For many years
the society's apartments in the Adelphi
were sufficiently capacious for the pur-
pose; the larger rooms at the great
taverns were next resorted to; then the
theatres—the Lyceum for instance; last
year, Drury Lane; and now the Opera
House, which, capacious as it is, was
filled from floor to ceiling,—boxes, pit,
gallery, and stage, boasting such an as-
semblage of rank, beauty, and talent,
as have seldom before been congregated
together.

His Royal Highness the Duke of
Sussex, the President of the society, took
the chair at half past twelve o'clock. The
Secretary, Authur Aikin, Esq., read the
report, which embraced a retrospective
history of the origin and progress of the
society, its objects, and the benefits it
has rendered to the public in the en-
couragement and promotion of the use-
ful arts.

Previous to each candidate receiving
the reward, Mr. Aikin stated the reasons
which had induced the committee to
adjudge it, and explained the relative
merits or improvements of the article in
question. As we shall give a list of all
the successful candidates, and their pre-
miums, we should not deem it necessary
to enlarge on them, had we room; one or
two are, however, entitled to particular
notice. Among the candidates in the
fine arts was Mr. P. H. Desvignes, who
received a silver pallet and the silver
Isis medal. In presenting the rewards,
the Duke of Sussex introduced the young
gentleman to the company as a native
of Greece. His Royal Highness felt
happy that he had come to this country
to improve himself in the fine arts, and
to enjoy those liberal feelings which
they all prized so much.

Mr. James Rush, who received a me-
dal for a very ingenious portable electro-
magnetic apparatus, was, we understand,
a short time ago, a labourer in Woolwich
Dock-yard.

A gold medal had been awarded to
the late Charles Warren, who was

one of the chairmen of the committee
of polite arts, and he had made a com-
munication to the society on the prac-
ticability of engraving on steel. Many
attempts of that nature had been made,
from the time of Albert Durer to the
present day. It was supposed that the
difficulty of engraving on so hard a sub-
stance would be compensated by the du-
rability of the work. It had been usual
to try the experiment on a thin plate of
steel, but the extreme hardness of the
article blunted the different instruments
which were employed in cutting it, and
therefore no work of art had, for a long
period, been engraved on steel. Mr.
Warren, however, heard that the but-
ton-manufacturers of Birmingham used
a process by which they lowered the
hardness of this metal. He then turned
his attention to the subject, and one by
one, he overcame every difficulty, and
made some exquisite engravings on steel.
He laid before the society copies of those
engravings, and where four thousand,
and even five thousand prints had been
struck off, scarcely any difference could
be observed between the first impression
and the last. They all had the appear-
ance of proofs. 'If he had kept the
discovery to himself,' said Mr. Aikin,
'it would have tended greatly to his ad-
vantage; but he preferred the improve-
ment of his art to personal interest, and
he communicated to any person who re-
quested it, all the knowledge he had to
bestow. As a compliment to the so-
ciety, he had laid the discovery before
them, and it had been investigated on
three different evenings, with the most
satisfactory result. Death had sudden-
ly snatched him away, in the full vigour
of mind, and the medal would therefore
be delivered to his surviving brother, in
trust for his orphan daughter.'

To Mr. Cobbett a medal was awarded
for some specimens of plat for bonnets
from English grass: after his Royal
Highness had presented him with the
medal, Mr. Cobbett addressed the com-
pany, expressing his regret at seeing, on
looking around him, how many thou-
sands of pounds were expended in bon-
nets from foreign countries, which might
be as well laid out at home.

Nothing could exceed the urbanity
with which his Royal Highness dis-
charged the pleasing duties of the day,
encouraging the candidates in the kind-
est terms, and pointing out their claims
to the audience where necessary, and
thanking them, not only on the part of
the society, but personally, for their ex-
ertions.—The following is a correct ac-
count of the premiums:—

IN AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.

Lieutenant-Colonel Wildman, Newstead Abbey, for planting five hundred acres with forest trees, the gold Ceres medal.

Messrs. Cowley and Staines, Winslow, Bucks, for preparing 143 lbs. of opium from poppies grown in England, 30 guineas.

J. W. Jeston, Esq. Henley-on-Thames, for his improved mode of collecting the juice of the opium poppy, the large silver medal.

W. Pyle Taunton, Esq. Cheam, Surry, for early horse-beans, the large silver medal.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Mr. James Marsh, Rush Grove Place, Woolwich, for a portable electromagnetic apparatus, the large silver medal and thirty guineas.

Mr. H. Marshall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for improved melting pots for brass-founders and steel-makers, the large silver medal.

Mr. J. T. Cooper, 9, Paradise Street, Lambeth, for his improvements in the apparatus for analysing vegetable and animal substances, the large silver medal.

The same, for a hydrometer for saline solutions, the gold Vulcan medal.

G. Gurney, Esq. 7, Argyll Street, for an oxygen-hydrogen blowpipe, the gold Vulcan medal.

IN POLITE ARTS.

Original Oil Paintings.

Mr. G. Hilditch, Jun. 13, Ludgate Hill, for a landscape, the gold Isis medal.

Mr. R. H. Hilditch, 13, Ludgate Hill, for a landscape, the large silver medal.

Miss Eliza Anne Drummond, 5, Rathbone Place, for an historical composition, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. Philip Simpson, 10, Carlisle Street, Soho, for a portrait, the gold Isis medal.

Mr. J. G. Middleton, 24, Manor Place, Walworth, for a portrait, the large silver medal.

Mr. Jos. Miles Gilbert, Bristol, for a marine painting, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. H. Pearsall, Bath, for a landscape, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. F. W. Watts, Hampstead, for a landscape, the large silver medal.

Mr. J. Porter, 25, Welbeck Street, for an historical composition, the silver Isis medal.

Miss Rose Emma Drummond, 5, Rathbone Place, for an historical composition, the large silver medal.

Copies in Oil.

Miss Jane Drummond, 5, Rathbone Place, for a portrait, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. H. Johnson, 7, Rodney Buildings, Kent Road, for a portrait, the large silver medal.

Mr. F. Rochard, 131, New Bond Street, for an historical subject, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. S. Drummond, 14, Church Street, Soho, for an historical subject, the large silver medal.

Original Paintings in Water Colours.

Miss Robson, Doncaster, for a composition of flowers, the silver Isis medal.

Miss Mary Willis, 49, Upper Norton Street, for a composition of flowers, the large silver medal.

Mr. T. Richmond, 42, Halfmoon Street, for a portrait, the silver Isis medal.

Miss M. Ross, 52, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, for a portrait, the large silver medal.

Miss Frances Eddy, Plymouth, for a composition in flowers, the silver Isis medal.

Copies in Water Colours.

Mr. James Hamilton Lawson, 30, Berner Street, for a portrait, the silver palette.

Mr. T. Baynton, Bath, for a landscape, the silver Isis medal.

Miss Matilda Smith, 18, Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, for a portrait, the large silver medal.

Miss Mary Jane Hull, Beverley, for a portrait, the silver Isis medal.

Miss Mary Willis, 49, Upper Norton Street, for a flower-piece, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. Frederick Rochard, 131, New Bond Street, for a portrait, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. G. R. Ward, 6, Newman Street, for a portrait, the large silver medal.

Original Drawings in Chalk.

Mr. J. A. Cahusac, Mount Street, Whitechapel, for a drawing of the musk ox, the silver palette.

Copies in Ink, Chalk, Pencil, &c.

Mr. C. Horatio Bunning, 11, Bernard Street, Russel Square, for an historical subject, the silver palette.

Mr. T. Barrett, 78, Mark Lane, for an historical subject, the silver palette.

Miss Ann Hopkins, 83, Berwick Street, for a landscape, the silver palette.

Miss Rowe, Tor-Point House, Cornwall, for an historical subject, the silver Isis medal.

Miss Eliz. Clarke, 6, Cadogan Terrace, for an historical subject, the large silver medal.

Mr. W. Baker, 59, Stafford Place, Pimlico, for an historical subject, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. Ebenezer Stalker, jun., 5, Southampton Crescent, Euston Square, for a landscape, the silver Isis medal.

Miss Louisa Mary Vully, 59, Stafford Place, Pimlico, for a head, the silver Isis medal.

Drawings in Outline, from Statues.

Mr. I. Solomon, 86, Piccadilly, for the Laocoon, the large silver medal.

Finished Drawings from Statues and Busts.

Miss Sarah Cox, 22, Nottingham Street, for a drawing from a bust, the silver Isis medal.

Miss Jane Stalker, 5, Southampton Crescent, Euston Square, for a drawing from a bust, the silver palette.

Mr. Evan Williams, 6, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, for a drawing from a bust, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. Phil. Corbet, 482, Strand, for a drawing from a statue, the large silver medal.

Mr. P. H. Desvignes, 16, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, for a drawing from a bust, the silver palette.

Mr. J. Padgett, 96, Sloane Street, for a drawing from a bust, the large silver medal.

Mr. Ebenezer Stalker, 5, Southampton Crescent, Euston Square, for a drawing from a bust, the silver palette.

Mr. T. Fairland, 4, Princes Street, Commercial Road, Lambeth, for a drawing from a figure, the large silver medal.

Mr. E. Williams, Ambroseden, Bicester, for a drawing from an entire figure, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. S. W. Cecil, Stafford Place, Pimlico, for a drawing of an anatomical figure, the large silver medal.

Original Models in Plaster.

Mr. Ed. Edwards, 2, Newcastle Street, Clerkenwell, for a groupe, Ulysses and Calypso, the gold Isis medal.

Mr. Ed. G. Physick, 20, Spring Street, Portman Square, for two single figures—Telemachus and Narcissus, the large silver medal.

Models in Plaster, Copies.

Mr. Mich. Teasdale, 1, Bond Street, Vauxhall, for a head, the silver palette.

Mr. Jos. Deare, 12, Great St. Helens, for a model of a Bacchus, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. Ed. Edwards, 2, Newcastle Street, Clerkenwell, for a model in the round from a group, the large silver medal.

Architecture.

Mr. P. H. Desvignes, 16, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, for a drawing of a Corinthian capital, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. C. Purser, 10, Lawrence Pountney Lane, for an original design for a British Museum, the gold medallion.

Mr. Henry Bassett, 15, Norfolk Street, Strand, for an original design for a British Museum, the gold Isis medal.

Carving in Wood.

Mr. Nicholl, 6, Grafton Street, East, for a carving in wood of a figure, the gold Isis medal.

Mr. Henry Bailes, 343, Oxford Street, for an original carving of flowers, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. James Harris, Plymouth, for a syringe to preserve oil-point in, the large silver medal and ten guineas.

C. Warren, Esq. for his improvements in the art of engraving on steel plate, the large gold medal.

W. Brockedon, Esq. 11, Caroline Street, Bedford Square, for a rest for painters, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. W. Deeble, 1, Seymour Place, Islington, for his method of taking casts of leaves and foliage, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. G. Mills, 17, Ossulston Street, Somers Town, for the new die of the Vulcan medal presented by him, the gold Vulcan medal.

IN MANUFACTURES.

Mr. W. V. Shenton, Winchester, for an improved engine for tramping silk, the silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. W. Cobbett, Kensington, for plat from English grass, the large silver medal.

IN MECHANICS.

Mr. C. A. Siebe, for a tap for hollow screws, the silver Vulcan medal and five guineas.

Mr. E. Pechey, Bury St. Edmunds, for a mangle, the silver Vulcan medal and ten guineas.

Ed. Speer, Esq. 7, New Inn, for his centrifugal check-hooks, the silver Vulcan medal.

R. W. Wilkinson, Esq. Captain R. M. Chatham, for a marine arm-chest, the large silver medal.

J. Amesbury, Esq. 82, Great Surry Street, for an apparatus for fractures of the lower limbs, the gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. W. Raynes, 10, Regent Street, Westminster, for a cap for fractured patella, the silver Vulcan medal and ten guineas.

Mr. James Jones, 150, High Holborn, for a kiln for drying grain, the large gold medal.

Mr. James Dennett, 7, Regent Street, Mile End, for an apparatus for baling ships, the large silver medal.

C. C. Dancey, Esq. Captain Royal Artillery, Havering, for a kite for effecting a communication between a stranded ship and the shore, the gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. J. Evans, 12, Ellen Terrace, St. George's in the East, for his method of equalizing the strain on tackles, the large silver medal.

Mr. J. Elliott, Sheffield, for his apparatus for the use of dry grinders, the gold Vulcan medal.

IN COLONIES AND TRADE.

Mr. J. F. Denovan, Aberdour, Fifeshire, for exporting British cured herrings, fifty guineas.

Mr. Gregory Blaxland, for wine, the produce of his vineyard, in New South Wales, the large silver medal.

Literature and Science.

The only novelty at the theatres this week, is a farce, entitled *Cent per Cent*. It was produced, on Thursday evening, at Covent Garden, and though possessing some humour, was not announced for repetition without considerable disapprobation. If, however, by judicious alterations, it should grow into public favour, we will recur to it in our next.

Shortly will be published, a collection of humorous pieces, entitled 'Mirth for Midsummer, Merriment for Michaelmas, Cheerfulness for Christmas, and Laughter for Ladday-Day; consisting of many Old Friends in a new dress, forming a Collection of Poetry for the Parlour, or Drollery for the Drawing-Room, and supplying Smiles for Summer, Wit for Winter, Amusement for Autumn, and Sprightliness for Spring.'

Austrian Censorship.—The *Conversation-Blatt*, a monthly publication at Leipsic, gives an account of the operations of the Austrian censorship during the month of October last. This censorship has different degrees of judgment, of approval, and of condemnation, very much like those of the late inquisition at Madrid. There are there the *transeat*, the *admittur*, the *correctis corrigendis*, and the *omissis delendis*. The *admittur* conveys the highest approbation of the censors; the *transeat* expresses a slight disapprobation. The works to which this qualified censure was principally applied in October were works of German theology.

Purifying Furnace.—Mr. Ralph Bulkley, of New York, has presented a memorial to the corporation for erecting small purifying furnaces over sewers and canals, which, with small coal fires, will destroy the foul air, and greatly contribute to the health of the city, and add to the value of property in the neighbourhood of these sewers.

The Bee.

Barry Cornwall.—The public are aware that this is a *nom de guerre*, but it is not so generally known that Barry Cornwall is an anagram formed from the real name of the author, which is Bryan William Procter. It will be seen that some of the letters are unappropriated.

A lady reading from a newspaper the announcement of marriage between a Mr. Lyon and a Miss Lamb, a friend observed, 'There is one prophecy accomplished, the lamb and the lion shall lie down together.'

To say at any game, *six love*, or *nine love*, means *six to none*, or *nine to none*. Why? The following has been given as the solution:—'The expression may have come either from Scotland or Holland. *Luff*, in old Scotch, is the hand: so that *six luff* will mean six in hand, or more than the adversary, when he has nothing on his score. *Loaf*, in Dutch, whence we have our word *loaf*, and *to loaf*, is the weather-gage; and, in this case, *six loaf* will imply six upon the weather-gage, or to advantage, as really it is, when the antagonist is nothing.

Judge Brackenridge, in reprimanding a criminal, amongst other *hard names*, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, 'Sir, I am not so great a scoundrel as your honour ——— takes me to be.' 'Put your words closer together,' said the judge.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'The Mechanic's Journal;' the conclusion of the review of 'Quentin Durward,' and some other articles, promised insertion in the present number, are unavoidably deferred to our next.

T. A. M'K. and the 'Sonnet to my Fiddle,' in an early number.

Errata p. 266, col. 3, l. 7, from bottom, for 'quarters, the head is dissected,' read quarters, and the head is distributed; p. 267, col. 3, l. 25 from bottom, for 'practising on,' read practising, or.

This day is published, price 7s.

MARY STUART; A HISTRIONIC POEM.

By MISS MACAULEY.

London: printed for and sold by Miss Macauley; also by Sherwood, Jones, and Co. Paternoster Row; Andrews, Bond Street; Lloyd and Son, Harley Street; Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

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HERALDIC ANOMALIES; or, Rank Confusion in our Orders of Precedence. With Disquisitions, Moral, Philosophical, and Historical, on all the existing Orders of Society.

By IT MATTERS NOT WHO.

'Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci
Lectorem delectando pariterque mouendo.'

Horace

Printed for G. & W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

'The author of this publication is a man of extensive reading, a classical scholar, a gleaner of choice things, a bit of a humourist, and a very entertaining literary companion.'—*Lit. Gaz.* May 10.

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By SAMUEL FREDERICK GRAY,

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'We cannot conclude our account of this work, without saying that, to any person who is desirous of knowing our British plants, unaided by coloured figures, and who is conversant only with the English language, it is by far the most useful that has yet appeared.'—*Monthly Review*, July, 1822.

This day was published, in foolscap 8vo. price 8s. 6d.

THE SECOND VOLUME of SPECIMENS of the RUSSIAN POETS.

Translated by JOHN BOWRING, F. L. S.
With Preliminary Remarks and Biographical Notices.
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IPSIBOE, in English, by the Author of the 'Renegade,' will be ready on Monday, in 2 vols., price 12s.

The **MAGAZINE of FOREIGN LITERATURE**, No. 4, for June, will be embellished with a beautiful Portrait of Mad. de Genlis, engraved by Cooper from a painting by Mad. Cheradame, with a Memoir—Racine and Shakespeare, by M. Stendahl—The German Gil Blas—Eusebio di Messina, by Pellico—Nights of Sadness, by Cadalso—The Leisure Hours of an Exile—The Struggle of the Democratic Swiss Cantons—Wild Love, by De la Motte Fouque—On the Spirit of Liberalism—The Truth relative to the burning of Moscow, by the Count Rostopchin, &c. No. 1. contained a portrait of Chateaubriand; No. 2, Goethe; No. 3, Wieland. Price 1s. 6s.

The **BRITISH MAGAZINE**, No. 4, for June, will be embellished with a fine Likeness of Sir Egerton Brydges, painted by Carloni, and engraved by Cooper, with a Memoir—Quentin Durward—Wine and Walnuts—Rungan Gilhaize—Franklin's Narrative—Fables for the Holy Alliance, &c. Price, 1s.

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